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unknown art. But cheap and inferior opera cannot accomplish as much in leading people toward an appreciation of the "gems" of Verdi, Puccini or Wagner as good phonographic records made by artists of the first rank.

It is an interesting and significant, as well as incontrovertible fact that in every community the profoundest lovers of music are those who enjoy those performances demanding the least aid from extraneous influences. The masses throng the opera house. The choice and master listeners go to the chamber music concert. Now it does not necessarily follow that Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet is a greater work than Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," nor does it mean that an audience of musical "high brows" receives more enjoyment from its favorite kind of music than a popular audience does from "La Bohème." It means only that the power to receive the artistic message of a work simple and chaste and noble, sparing in its employment of means and seeking only for the construction of a purely musical beauty, is rarer than the capacity for the enjoyment of that which is brilliant and in a certain sense spectacular.

Such true enjoyment of music calls for immeasurable sympathy on the part of the listener. He must be ready to yield himself to the composer. He must

not entertain hostility to a work because it is in a closely wrought logical form, nor must he refuse to listen with open mind to one of the very opposite type, which creates its own almost intangible shape out of its own needs, and which courts perhaps more the fancy than the intellect or the emotion of the listener.

In the years in which I have been at work as a chronicler of musical activities I have seen that most objections by auditors to works of fine quality have rested on their preconceptions, on their want of openness of mind. On the other hand I have observed that there are thousands of people who apparently enjoy everything which is put before them and whose omnivorous appetites appear to me to be the products of a spiritual callousness quite astonishing. They are the happy or unhappy mortals who can find no difference between tweedledum and tweedledee and who are the determined enemies of all who can. But they doubtless enjoy music in their way, and they are as honest about it as the few who gather together when the Kneisel or Flonzaley Quartet makes glad the concert room with one of the great chamber compositions which will never be played before excited crowds and never call forth the exclamatory *bravo!*

W. J. Henderson

## MOUNT ADAMS

I rise in a cloudless glory like the pillar that walks by night;  
When Lucifer fell from heaven I gathered his trailing white  
And swathed my mournful shoulders in everlasting light.

I rule the lonely morning like a rising moon of snow  
Where the flower-painted meadows slant in their sunrise glow  
To meet the fir-speared armies of sentinels below.

I swing like a silver lantern as the floating hazes creep  
Out of the noon-tide valleys wrapped in vaporous sleep  
And the pale hills hang like breakers ere they curl for a crashing leap.

When the sun holds his solemn vespers and blesses the mountain throng—  
The little foot-hills, the naked, the rugged peaks of the strong—  
I bathe in the golden incense of their silent evensong.

Phoebe Hoffman

Rainier Park  
State of Washington